

EXPRESSED IN VERSE:  
FICTION AND SENTIMENT

THE VOICES OF THE PEOPLE

Oh, I hear the people calling through the  
day-time, I the night-time,  
They are calling, they are crying for the  
coming of the right time!  
It behooves you, men and masters, to be-  
lieve, to believe in the best, to hope,  
For there lurks a note of menace under-  
neath their plaintive pleading.  
Let the hard maugers listen, let the  
greedy-hearted ponder,  
On the meaning of the murmur rising  
here and swelling yonder—  
Seedling of the storm, the coming, like a  
storm-fed stream that courses  
Through the valleys, down abozes, grow-  
ing, gaining with new forces,  
Day by day the river widens, that great  
river of outburst,

and the torrent belts and plunges at the base of steep's formation.

Though you deem it by oppression and  
 Blind wrongs, bright and glorious  
 Yes, the day and better advances when in  
 I strive you live before it.

Yet I hear the people crying through the  
 night-time and the day-time,  
 Wretched victims in life's autumn, weary  
 young ones, burdened with sorrow,  
 They are crying, they are waiting for their  
 share of work and pleasure;  
 You have given them your efforts while  
 you give them security, comfort,  
 You have stolen their wide arena, just to  
 give you a narrow one;  
 Oh, render them to his children are their  
 pleading turns to curses.

—Edna Wheeler Walcott

## THE OLD, OLD HOME.

When I long for better memories,

THE OLD, OLD HOME

If I told my arms to ponder  
On the old, old home,  
The heart but would be torn  
By the memories,  
Through which the feelings roam  
But its middle aisle is sacred  
To the old, old home.

Where Infancy was sheltered,  
Like rosebuds from the blast;  
Where learning first began  
In joyousness was based;  
To that sweet spot forever,  
As to some hallowed dome,  
Life's pilgrims find a shrine  
To his old, old home.

A father sat, how proudly,  
By that hearthstone's fire,  
And told his children stories  
Of his early manifold joys,  
And one soft word was mine  
From child to child "twice round"

FATHER PEREZ THE FRIEND OF  
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

The birthday gifts and festivals,  
The blossoms, flowers, hymns  
(One dear one who was swelling it  
Is with the Seraphim)  
The fond "good-night" at bed time,  
The low, quiet "good-morn" come,  
And hush we all together,  
In the old, old home.

Like a wreath of scented flowers,  
Close interwoven each heart,  
But time and change in concert  
Have blown away each apart  
But sainted memories  
Like angels, ever come,  
If I fold my arms and ponder  
The old, old home.

the new world, says the Rev. Ambrose Sanning, O. F. M. F., in the September issue of the Records of the American

**THE BRITISH BUCANEER.**

The halcy British-Bucaneer is out for  
hobby once more:  
And he seeks a weaker dog, as oft he  
did before.

Paul Kruger's bewitch he covets now, he  
wants that golden spot.  
Major's Nkomo is out of mind, Laing's Nek  
he's quite forgot.

The Transvaal Beer is now his prey, to  
crush him is his lot.  
He's sick of spilling Indian blood, he's out for  
spotless time.

The Golden Plain of Johannesburg is none  
too good for John Bull.

To grasp the shining nuggets he leads  
now his hirelings on.

His Irish slaves, his Scottish serfs, his  
British bonders all.  
Once more they'll be at it, rampage high to  
pillage Sudd and Krail.

With sanguine expectations now he cicks  
the air.

May he receive a bounteous dose of  
Kruger's Master Pill."

The "Financial" Beer cut off his trade.

tion naturally so fraught with risk and uncertainty, even had the father proffered his services.

When pushed by harder borders:  
 He is the ruler of a gutter when Ma-  
 Juba's hill he scored.  
 And may he prove the same again to  
 England's Mother, in the future.  
 That he has never lost the art of filling  
 British graves.  
 Paul Kruger, may the God of war give  
 strength to all your men;  
 He will be a British greed de-  
 fender your land again.  
 From the August of the war away, whose  
 sins are black as night;  
 May he who rules nations show again  
 the virtue of his power.  
 Oh, Irishmen in English ranks pray  
 be true to your Mother now.  
 Can you forget your Mother and to Eng-  
 land's pleasures bow,  
 That you may see the freedom's light  
 and hold in bondage vile,  
 As she has held for many years your  
 poor old Mother Isle?  
**A WALL FOR DEWEY.**  
 "Oh, when Johnny comes marching home  
 When Dewey comes sailing home again  
 'Hoora!' 'Hoora!'

-Qui nimum probat, nil probat. Moreover, Father Beaumont knew nothing of the documents relating to the second

And well he may.  
The dogs will bark, the cats will mew,  
The babies all will holler, too.  
But it won't be any  
For they're all named Dewey!  
And he will not stay,  
Poor Admiral Dewey!

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**AMONG THE WITS.**

"Don't you think Broughne is a perfect gentleman?"  
"He would be if he didn't know it."

"How much is Jane's new husband worth?"  
"Oh, I suppose she could realize \$5,000 for him if she could get him killed by the

already explored or to be explored, in order that accurate charts, illustrating the route, followed, could be pre-

"Talking about whiskey, Mike, isn't new kind of whiskey just as good as any?"

"[Indade it is not, one has to be a connoisseur to take good fust in a barrel as it were.]"

The Sentimentalist—Poets, you know, are born, not made.

"But, I remember, yes, I know; but when there were any demand for the goods a poet factory would be started inside a week."

"—He is a good while since I've studied him—Which is proper, 'got' or 'gotten'?"

She—Well, it depends. If papa is around he'll be a little bit more anxious to learn his honest opinion of you or might say 'gotten."

—

"So Boxford wants to run for the legislature, does he? What has he ever done to merit the confidence or the support of the people?"

"Him? Gee! Didn't you know about it?"

"No, I got it out of the paper, but the Paris Exposition and started the movement to hang them French Generals in

is point of the great Genoese is to be und. It is to be deplored that the account of his second voyage, written by

Gentlemen—undignified!—When I fought this dog yesterday he was splendid or rats. Why, he won't touch them.

Dog Dealer—Well, ain't that splendid or the rats?

Mr. De Fysh—What lovely hair Miss Sweetster has!

Mr. De Fysh—Yes. She doesn't have to economize in anything.

He—Art can never imitate nature. She—How about artificial loc?

Trojanzan—I should think you would make a hit in Shakespearean roles.

Harmon—You would, wouldn't you? There were some hits made, but different members of the audience were responsible for them.

the limited space allotted our narrative, prove beyond the shadow of a reasonable doubt that Father Juan Bener

"Now, Jimmy, did my whipping do you any good?"

"Yes, ma; it made me feel real cheerful."

"Cheerful?"

"Yes, ma; I was so glad that pa didn't whip me instead o' you."

"An old man in Iowa lost his mind play-